

POEM,
TO THE
KING'S
MOST
Sacred Majesty.

BY
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L O N D O N,

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P O E M,
TO THE
K I N G S
Most Sacred Majesty.

THough Poets (Mighry King) such Priests have bin
As figur'd Virtue and *disfigur'd* Sin;
Did in so fair a shape *Religion* draw
As might, like *Beauty*, both allure and awe:

Did rigid Rules in cheerful Songs dispense;
Whilst all were *Lazy* but who dealt in *Verses*:
Yet now of Priesthood they retain no more
Than frequent cause Compassion to implore:
For if there any shadow'd strokes appear,
By which to Priests they can resemblance bear,
It onely may be said that both agree
In *willing* or *unwilling* Povertie.

Though *Poets* with the *Poor* now reckon'd are,
(Whom all expose to *God's* peculiar care)
Yet as the *Poor* by want great Gainers be,
When Want leads them to *God* for Remedie;
So *Poets*, when their Days are over-cast,
And from their Noon they to their Evening haste,
When Age, which is their longest Winter, stays
T' increase their shame by shewing their decays;
When

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When that long Winter grows at last so keen
That even their *Bays* cannot continue Green,
Yet against Frosty Age they may be arm'd:
Poets by double Influ'ence have bin warm'd,
And therefore may expect a Second Spring:
We had our *Phœbus*, and have now our *King*:
Whose Palace to th' *Afflicted* is as free
As Temples where they God's Domesticks be.
How happy is *Affliction* which may come
Where *God* allows not *Merit* any room:
Kings fit their Gifts to those who them receive,
And to *Affliction* so much favour give,
As may not well to *Merit* be allow'd,
Lest those they would encourage should grow proud.
Kings, wisely jealous, watch how *Merit* grows,
That they may know it ere it self it knows.

Auspicious

Auspicious Monarch! here I stole my way;
 Yet as those Sea-men luckily did stray,
 Who with Columbus were by Tempests blown,
 Till they from ~~wanderers~~ were ~~Discoverers~~ grown,
 And found rich ~~Minerals~~ last Reserve, a new
 Great World; so I by Storms am brought to you:
 By Storms of Grief, which in my barren Breast,
 Like Winds in Desarts, with themselves contend.
 Yet 'tis not abject Grief, such as does mourn
 For want of Wealth the Body to adorn;
 But rather Sorrow of a noble kind,
 Which does complain for ~~want~~ *want* of the Mind;
 For want of that dexterity of Thought,
 Which in a moment has to Fancy brought
 All scatter'd Forms collected till the eye
 A single Map of all ~~Disorder~~ *Disorder*

Auspicious

As

As at an instant to the rising Sun, when all his light
All Objects are compris'd and made but one, so here
That heat is spent which did maintain my Bays;
Spent early in your God-like Father's praise;
Who left the world more than it ever knew
Before so great and good, his *Fame* and *You*.

By many Wonders you were hither brought;
Which, strangely too, by their concurrence wrought
Our whole Redemption in so short a space
As did the sloath of human aids disgrace.
Those who did hold Success the Cast of Chance,
And *Providence* the Dream of Ignorance,
Might in these Miracles Design discern,
And from wild *Fortune's* looks *Religion* learn.

Yet when we shall contemplate *God*, from whom
Your Crown did through a Glowd of Terrors come:

When all those cares to which it must submit,
 And ceremonious forms which wait on it
 Are fully summ'd (Cares which to Age belong,
 And forms which tire, with tedious length, the Young)
 Then, like the Law which *Moses* had from Heaven,
 It seems to be impos'd as well as given.

You now are destin'd to more watchful care
 Then Spies of Faction or the Scour of War;
 To Care which higher and more swiftly flows
 Than that which from design of Conquest grows;
 Such as may seem to other Monarchs new;
 Care to reform those whom you might subdue.

Conquest of Realms compar'd to that of Minds,
 Shews but like mischief of outrageous Winds;
 Making no use of force but to deface,
 Or tear the rooted from their native place.

Who

Who by distress at last are valiant made,
 And take their turn Invaders to invade.
 From Woods they march victorious back agen
 To Cities, the *wall'd-Parks* of *Hearded-men*.
 Victors by conqu'ring Realms are not secure;
 Nor seem of any thing, but hatred, sure.
 A King who conquers Minds does so improve
 The Conquer'd that they still the Victor love.

How can *You* rest where Pow'r is still alarm'd:
 Each Crowd a Faction, and each Faction arm'd;
 Who fashions of Opinion love to change,
 And think their own the best for being strange.
 Their own if it were lasting they would hate;
 Yet call it *Conscience* when 'tis obstinate.
 When weary of a Scepter here, they flie
 To seek new fashions of Authority

In forein States, then bring Rebellion home;
And take just Punishment for Martyrdom.

The Saints of old, not struggling for defence,
Did satisfie themselves with innocence:
In Death's stern Court did gracefully appear,
And civil to their worst Tormentors were.
But these so fullen are, as if they thought
Saints could not Death defie unless they fought:
As if their Church should spring not from the seed
Of their own blood, but that which others bleed.

Though Conscience is in others secret shame
Of doing ill; yet they in publick claim
Not onely freedom for the ill they do;
But call for liberty to preach them too.
They seek out God in cruel Camps, and boast
They God have found; when they have Nature lost;

Nature, the publick Light which is held out
To all dimm Minds who do of *God-head* doubt.
She openly to all does *God-head* shew;
Faith brings him, like a *Secret*, but to few.
Sects, who would *God* by private *Opticks* reach,
Invent those Books by which themselves they teach;
And whilst with Heaven they too familiar grow,
They to the Gods on earth disdain to bow.

You safe amongst these diff'rent *Sects* remain,
Where all would rule, and each a while did reign:
And, having reign'd, are apt to reckon it
Worse than Idolatry when they submit.
And though these *Sects* in *Doctrine* diff'rent be,
Yet in the *uses* of it they agree,
Which first they for the novelty approve,
And after for the gainful mischief love.

What

What confidence but yours durst undertake
To give them *Laws* who dare *Religion* make ?
Whose private Conscience checks the publick *Laws*,
Whilst many *Modern Sects* have one *old Cause*.

That Fever, Zeal (the Peoples desp'rate fit)
You cool, and, without bleeding, master it :
Dissembled Zeal (Ambition's old disguise)
The Vizard in which Fools out-face the Wise.

You keep with prudent arts of watchful care
Divided *Sects* from a conjunctive War ;
And when unfriendly Zeal from Zeal dissents,
Look on it like the War of Elements ;
And, God-like, an harmonious World create
Out of the various discords of your State.

Kings safer are when Zealors furious grow
Then when their malice will no passion show :

For

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For Thrones should ever fear to be surpris'd ;
Not dreading Arms display'd but Foes disguis'd :
Sects, which through zealous brav'rie not submit,
Deal plainly but when tame they counterfeit.

When swelling Subjects are victorious grown,
They leave, like *Nile*, where it has overflown,
Monsters from fatness of corruption sprung,
Which as they grow up soon so last not long.
A Monsters hasty birth makes that ill shape
From which, as soon as seen, men strive to scape.
With sodain strangeness it does Strangers fright;
And they as quickly chace it from their sight.
So Sects, with monstrous impudence, may scare
A while those who their boldness soon out-dare.

These, when by Justice of the Laws subdu'd,
Call their unwilling Sufferings Fortitude,

Or

Or Conscience, though they nothing use to bear
But from the basest *cause* of Conscience, *fear*.
Through hideous Monsters, by Religion bred,
And by the choice of human slaughters fed,
You move so boldly that they rather seem
To strive to scape from *You* than *You* from them.

The truth of Resurrection is by *You*
Confirm'd to all, and made apparent too;
Apparent in the Church, the world's best part;
For of the world's whole Body 'tis the Heart.
The Church *You* have reviv'd: for well we may
Confess it more than rescu'd from decay,
Since having lost, by Martyrdom, the *Head*,
The *Limbs* had all the signs of being dead.

But though, when it does flourish, Sects deride
The Churches Ornaments as Papal pride;

Yet

Yet why with Sects (whose *Congregations* are
 But Men well disciplin'd for civil War,
 Not meek Assemblies but a sullen Crowd,
 Who out of haughty pride disdain the Proud)
 Should *Calvin's* civil Sect be rudely bent,
 Like zealous *Goths*, against all Ornament?
 Why do they verbal Ornaments esteem
 In Pulpits where they garnish out their Theme;
 And are in doctrine to their spir'tual Guests
 Long as in Graces which but cool their Feasts
 With Flow'rs of Rhet'rick they intice the Ear,
 As if they and their Audience Poets were.
 If they in curious Tropes and Figures preach
 (Which were the *Ethnick* Ornaments of Speech)
 And to our Ears provocatives allow,
 Why should our Eyes th'allurements want of Show?

All these *You* have forgiv'n; so much forgiv'n
 That such an *Act* ne'r pass'd unless in Heav'n.
 Their crimes are so much banish'd from your Mind,
 As if *You* had forgot what *Act* *You* sign'd.
 Yet who dares say *You* not remember it?
 Since *You* as much of Courage, Faith, and Wit,
 Have shewn in keeping still that *Act* in force,
 As when it first was sign'd *You* shew'd remorse,
 Thus thorowly to pardon does comprise
 The utmost goodness that in Greatness lies.

If we consider what in *God* does seem
 To be that goodness which we most esteem,
 And which should Temples fill with his applause;
 It is, that all his Messages and Laws
 And, of his Works, all that to us are known
 Are fashion'd for our int'rest not his own.

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So, by example of his goodness, you
An int'rest different from your own pursue.
For such your mercy is that even your Foes
Gain by their crimes what you by virtue lose.

But though this does appear the utmost height
That mercy e're did reach at her first flight;
Yet yours at last so high a pitch may fly
That even the Tempters of your constancy
(Who did the force of human reason bring
Against your heav'nly strength of pardoning,
And what was done did labour to undoe)
you, as your hardest task, will pardon too.

To royal Faith (preserv'd inviolate
By native honour, not design of State)
Conspicuous blessings, as rewards, are due,
Which we receive, and owe them all to you.

For after Twenty years in rapines spent
 (Th' illegal Acts of Lawless Parliament)
 In Fields we Harvests find, in Cities Wealth,
 And after Warr, the Sire of Sickness, Health;
 If Nations by the plenty they obtain,
 When youthfull Monarchs have begun their reign,
 May prophetic degrees of future Store,
 No Prince e're brought so much, or promise more.

To *You*, who full are easie of access,
 Suitors can need no Guide but their distress;
 And though Distress long in complaint appears,
 That length no measure with your patience bears;
You can indure a tedious narrative;
 And suffer the Afflicted to believe
 His Case is not as others cases are,
 But intricate, and very Singular;

And that it never yet at best appear'd
 Because he never has bin *fully* heard;
 And it would find redress could it be known
 To any comprehension but his own.

Some Princes, that they may the rumour gain
 Of minding business, mighty business feign;
 And are lockt up, to have it then supposed
 They are more thoughtfull when they are inclos'd;
 But they from Concourſe privately remove
 Only to shun what they pretend to love:
 Pow'r which it self does so reserv'dly keep,
 As if the being seen would make it cheap;
 Should use the proper Seasons for retreat:
 For though decrepid Age may think it meet
 To hide stale Objects from the Peoples sight;
 Yet in a Thrones new glory all delight.

All love young Princes in their flourishing,
 As all, with joy, walk out to see the Spring.
 Your Countries Genius and your own agree
 To make you rule as Sov'raign of the Sea.
 Nature has nothing made more unconfin'd
 Than your great Island and your greater Mind.
 You love the Sea, which the unpractis'd fear;
 'Tis your own Element and proper Sphear.
 Their fear does from their thoughtless ignorance grow,
 Your love does from your Study'd knowledge flow.
 So knowing Minds to God affection bear,
 Whom th' Ignorant are only apt to fear,
 Since You are prone by Nature to discern
 All that by Naval Art men strive to learn.
 You, with peculiar Glory, will obtain
 That Neptune's power which Poets did but feign.

The Neighbouring Monarch (wealthy and at ease)
 Will build a City all of Palaces:
 A work which does the Founders wealth express,
 And that he weary is of that excess:
 Why should he else his solid Treasure waste
 To make the shadow of his Mem'ry last:
 Since by that strength which he from Quarries brings,
 To make his Name out-wear all other things,
 He but provides his purpose to prevent:
 His name may perish ere the Monument
 For many a City built for future fame
 Has long out-liv'd the vanished Founders name.

By that tall Pyramid (which does appear
 The strongest Pile that Art did ever rear)
 Egyptians now themselves like strangers pass,
 And, but in vain, ask who the Artist was

Even

Ev'n of the *Learn'd* but few so curious seem
 As to desire to know the name of him
 For whom t'was built : and both their aims have lost,
 One in his *Art*, the other in his *Cost*.

Great Monsters, Cities, over-grown with Pow'r,
 Do Neighb'ring Towns by hungry Trade devour.
 Cities build which not destructive be,
 Ships grown to Fleets are Cities of the Sea.
 And Ships by trade each other still improve
 More fruitfully than Sexes do by Love.

Ships, which to farthest distances are sent,
 Are so concern'd their number to augment,
 That they by nought but Number can dispence
 The vital heat of Trade, Intelligence.
 By pow'r of Number they themselves disperse
 For a Collection, through the Universe,

Of all the *Freights* which ev'ry Country yields
 From *work* of Cities or from *growth* of Fields,
 They grow to be a *Squadron*, then they meet
 In a free *Road*, and make a friendly *Fleet*;
 Where *Patience*, as her hardest trial, finds
 How much they can indure who wait on Winds.
 From thence (suppli'd at length with sev'ral *Gales*)
 Each to her proper *Course* does spread her Sails.

Sea-men, in loudest Storms, are not dismay'd
 When they are even oblig'd to be afraid:
 For of what use can high confusion seem
 (When Winds and Waves strive which shall be supreme,
 And *Nature* does a frightfull Vizard wear)
 Unless it be, to teach the World to fear?

Bold *Pyrats*, with a Frantick courage, dare
 Maintain against the World continual War;

No Traveller is from those Robbers free
On Nature's own *High-way*, the common Sea:
But though they dare all other Tempests meet,
Yet still they fear the Thunder of your Fleet.

What Monarch would make Levies and provide
To exercise his Valour, or his Pride,
Against some little peremptory Town,
Whose *Bullwarks* and *Redoubts* so high are grown,
That it does rather seem but basely hid
By Rebels fears than proudly Fortify'd?
When he a Town has so by Sluces drown'd,
That 'tis by nought but Tops of Steeples found,
He may march home, and, poor with triumph, boast
That what he gain'd he cheaper might have lost:
Whilst other Kings, in taking Towns, displease
Their Subjects, *You*, for yours, take all the Seas.

P R O E M

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You to divert your cares (those ill-bred Guests
 Which most unruly grow in Princes Breasts
 Where they are oft'nest lodg'd) can lend your Eye
 To Ornament, your Ear to Harmony
 So Nature, when she Fruit designs, thinks fit
 With beauteous Blossoms to proceed to it:
 And whilst she does accomplish all the Spring,
 Birds to her secret operations sing.

Kings, to the stretch of thought for ever bent,
 Have chang'd his Image whom they represent:
 Who in Creation wrought not *hard* nor *long*:
 His work is still as *easy* as 'tis *strong*:
 As all was by his *sovereign Fiat* wrought,
 So 'tis preserv'd without his *pains* of thought.

From cruel bondage *You* the *Muses* free,
 And yet restrain the Poet's liberty;

But to restrain him that he now does find
 'Tis but the evil Spirit which you bind.
 The *Muse* is now, by her conversion, taught
 Gladly to lose that freedom which she sought:
 How wild her flights have been untill restrain'd
 And, by your power, how greatly has she gain'd
 By *bad Ides* she did *Heroe's* paint;
 But now, you of a *Muse* have form'd a *Saint*.
 Men knew not what they took, or Monarchs gave,
 When they did *liberty* of *Subjects* crave:
 Even Poets would, like other *Subjects*, be
Licentious Writers had they *liberty*,
 And study all the madness of *freewill*,
 Which is *old English freedom* to do ill.
 The *Theatre* (the Poets *Magick-Glass*)
 In which the Dead in vision by us pass;
 Where

Where what the *Great* have done we do again,
But with less loss of time and lesser pain)
Is in the *Scene* so various now become,
That the *Dramatick* Plots of *Greece*, and *Rome*,
Compar'd to ours, do from their height decline,
And shrink in all the compass of design.
Where Poets did large Palaces intend,
The spacious purpose narrowly did end
In Houses, where great Monarchs had no more
Removes than Two low Rooms upon a Floor:
Whose *shorow lights* were so transparent made,
That Expectation (which should be delay'd
And kept a while from being satisfi'd)
Saw, on a sodain, all that *Art* should hide;
Whilst at the plain contrivance all did grieve;
For it was there no *trespass* to *deceive*.

If we the ancient *Drama* have refin'd,
 Yet no *intrigues*, like *Labyrinths*, are design'd,
 In *Counterturns* so subtle as but few,
 When enter'd, can get forth without a Clue:
 Where *Expectation* may *intangled* be,
 But not so long, as never to get free:
 Where *Love* throughout the *Character* does last;
 And such unblemish'd love as all the chaste
 May still endure with publick confidence,
 And not at *vauquish'd Beauty* take offence;
 Where *Valour* we so possible express,
 That we should wrong the *Great* to make it less.

If to reform the publick Mirrour (where
 The Dead, to teach their living Race, appear)
 May to the People useful prove, even this
 (Which but the object of your leisure is

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To respite Care, and which successivelie
 Three of our last wise Monarchs wish'd to see,
 And in a Century could not be wrought)
You, in Three years, have to perfection brought.
 If 'tis to height of Art and Virtue grown,
 The form and matter is as much your own
 As is your Tribute with your Image coin'd :
You made the Art, the Virtue *You* enjoy'd.

But now me-thinks, I hear my Pinnacle ha'd !
 Which boldly in a Mist too far has sail'd ;
 And I discover, through the Glass of Fear,
 That the whole world's *High-Admiral* is near.
 Too long my wither'd Laurel I have worn ;
 The *Poet's Flag*, by *Grief's* foul weather torn :
 Grief which is taught by Reason to complain,
 That I, when all are better'd by your Reign,

Should

Should seem unworthy, in my faded Bays,
To carry *Fame* a Present of your Praise.

Whoever is more happily design'd
To bear a Present of this noble kind
(Which *Empress Fame* to all the world will show,
And which examin'd will more valu'd grow)
Must from the *Muse* his Credentials take;
Who both the Embassy and Present make.
And, as he knows from whom he comes, so he
Should not to Sov'raign-*Fame* a Stranger be;
For *Fame* (whose custome is to have a care
Onely of those who her Familiars are)
Does with a proud neglect o're Strangers flie,
As if unworthy of her Voice or Eye,
She Seldom is acquainted with the Young,
And weary is of those who live too long.

When

When the wise world, by correspondence, shall
 To gen'ral Council ev'ry Poet call
 For prudent choice of this Ambassadour,
 Then all that Session it will soon abhor:
 Those who in concord there and glory came,
 Shall part from thence in discord and in shame.
 The young will not agree who is too young,
 Nor th'old determine who has liv'd too long.

And as in free Assemblies each may prize
 His single worth to gen'ral prejudice;
 And, in the votes of chusing, every voice
 May stop some progress in the publick choice;
 So now (where none their own defects will see,
 And each would for the whole elected be)
 Th'Election likely is to end in vain;
 All losing that which each presum'd to gain.

The *Muses* proud Ambassadour may stay
 His journey ere he does begin his way;
 And keep his great *Poetick Present* too:
 Which may prove well for *Poets*, *Fame*, and *Tod*.

Poets are truly poor, but onely then
 When each a *Hero* lacks for his own Pen.
 They pine when mighty *Arguments* are scant;
 And not when they that *trifle*, *Treasure*, want.
 As at such *dearth* they languish, so they creep
 To swell when they have got a *plentious Theme*,
 For rashly then the *Muses* take their flight:
 Yet as a man, o're-joy'd at sodain sight
 Of *Treasure* found, grows jealous, and, through care
 Left others in his *Prize* should claim a share,
 Bears hastily from that which he did find
 Much less away than what he leaves behind:

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So, whilst thus rashly I convey to *Fame* or *Disregard*
 Your Virtues, I so few of them proclaim
 That many more are left behind unprais'd,
 Than those which on this *Poem's wings* are rais'd.

How glad will all discreeter *Poets* be,
 Because (whilst in their choice they disagree)
 They this imperfect *Present* shall prevent,
 Which darkens *You* to whom it lustre meant;
 Or rather it does quite extinguish me;
 Who looking up to *You*, do onely see
 I by a fainting Taper lose my aim,
 And, lifting it too high, put out the flame.

Fame may rejoyce when any Image, wrought
 Thus ill, is never to her Temple brought:
 She should examine what she does receive,
 And *Poets* watch the worth of what they give.

Kings rais'd to Heaven, by an unskillful Pen,
Scarce look, when made ill Gods, so well as Men.

The Painter whose Spectators were at strife
Which the resemblance was, and which the life,
Deserv'd high praise when he a Face did draw;
The Face, which all suppose he often saw;
But when we mention *Homer's* high renown,
Apelles then may lay his Pencil down:
For Heav'n ne'r made but one, who, being blind,
Was fit to be a *Painter* of the *Mind*.

As justly *Poets* may with *Fame* rejoyce,
That Songs of *Worthies* set below her voice,
(Where *Numbers* rise not to Heroique height)
Are hinder'd from accompany'ng her flight;
So *You*, your self, may be content to see,
That though all *Poets* in your praise agree,

Yet

Yet all, with joynt submission, think not one
 Can, at the rate your virtue has begun,
 So follow you with offer'd Wreaths, as you
 Do other *Hero's* for their Wreaths pursue
 Behind your Chariot Poets lag with shame,
 As if the *Num'rous Feet* of Verse were lame.

But then 'tis time to cast my Anchor here:
 Who dares bear Sail where none are fit to steer?
 Or how dare *Poets* venture at your praise?
 For though so great a Trophie none can raise
 But *Poets*, yet the weight of it they fear,
 As wanting strength to move what they should rear.
 All *Painters* strait would lay their Pencils by,
 Were they enjoin'd to paint the *Deity*.

Hereafter of what use will *Numbers* prove,
 If in that Theme we fail which most we love?

But

But though this kind of *Trophy* needs excuse,
 Yet even a *Poem* is of greater use,
 Than any other work by which your name
 We would to all succeeding Times proclaim;
 And, since your name should be perpetual made,
 You must vouchsafe to accept a *Poet's* aid.
Poets did make the mighty *Hero's* known,
 And drew in full proportions their Renown;
 Which *Fame* can only, by the pow'r of *Verses*,
 Ever preserve, and ev'ry where disperse.

FINIS.